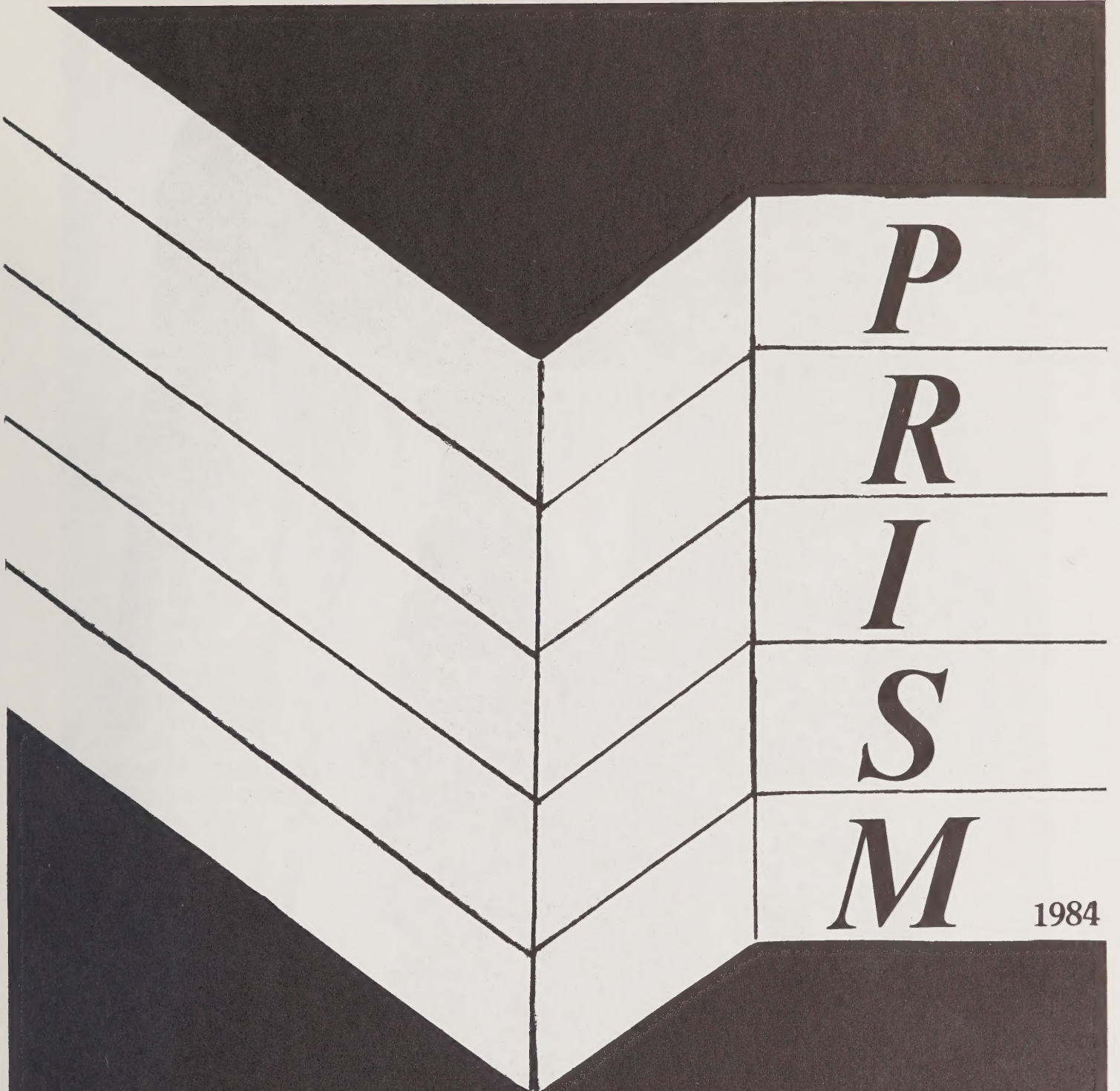


PRISM

PRISM

1984



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*Peace College Literary
Magazine*



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"Good-bye, Teddy"

Just as a child clings to a tattered Teddy
Whose presence in quiet and comfort
Listened to fears and dreams,
I cling to the memories of us.

The ribbons, binding child-like ideals
Shared in breathless hope,
Have faded, their ends frayed;
Dare I untie the bow?

The balloon-like beliefs and inflated ideals
Once rose skyward, warmed with the air of love.
Why didn't we grasp the strings with more care?
Even children know balloons must be tightly held.

Did we hold tightly, instead of the strings,
The balloons themselves in our arms?
We tried to imprison the dreams
Which, to survive, wrenched free.

Gone are the dreams we shared.
Unable to merely share ourselves now,
With nothing left to share,
We, too, have slipped away.

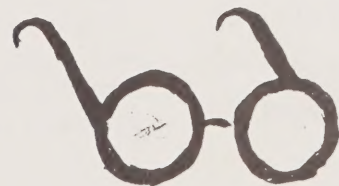
Lisa Cook



Look at
Me,
Hiding behind
Ink scratchings
On
Paper,
While you
Speak
Candidly
Words of affection.
I,
The Coward,
Am so
Afraid to love,
To give that
Special
Part of
Me
To anyone,
Even to
You.
Words of caring
Never
Reach my tongue,
But fly
To my hand
To be
Drawn between
Blue lines,
Never
To be spoken.
How can
I
Begin
To say
Such feelings
As
You so shamelessly
Do?
I
Can stand before
A crowd
Of thousands
And shout
The words of Shakespeare.
Yet,
Before your audience of
One,
I

Have no voice
To speak
Words
That are not
Written in a
Script,
But formed in
My heart.
I
Stand very much
Alone
On that empty
Stage,
Holding my
Pen and paper
As
I
Write
The words:
"I love you, too."

Audrey Ward



Reflections in the Wineglass

The reflection in the wineglass
is a symbol of my love.
Its color is deep with fiery hue
But purer than a dove.

The sweetness sensed as it touches the lips
Is softer than your kiss
but leaves the pleasant aftertaste
Upon my yearning lips.

The darkness comes to cover our souls
as we lie side by side as one
And the warmth you give so gently
still is comparable to none.

Go not far, I need you here
to hold your hand in mine
To feel your strength enveloped in your arms-
'Tis stronger than the wine.

Jo Ellen Rose

IMAGES OF FEAR

Swerve, a scream, and
A crash!
Warm blood,
And the smell
Of gasoline.

Imagine

Horses galloping toward me
In the dark!
The feel of
The earth and
My body trembling.

How much sorrow would there be,
To find your love was taken from me,
To look to find you in each passing face,
To question your presence in each new place,
To close my eyes and imagine I touch your skin,
Then reach out and touch nothing but the wind.

Help I'm falling!
Dead. Yet alive!
Into a bottomless
Pit of slimy
Hissing snakes.

Angela Waldrop

Jeaneen Lineberger

Mirror, Mirror

Look into the taunting glass,
Tell me what you see.

I see a pair of haunted eyes
Staring back at me.

But why a haunted look
In one so young as you?

The troubles rise not from my age,
But the trials I've been through.

What trials would so beset your heart
To make your eyes seem old?

Trials forcing me to choose
To oft be aloof and cold.

So why the haunted look, my child?
Your choices are made and done.

I look for the loving child I was
And wonder where she's gone.

Lisa Cook



Life, Like the Hourglass

As the crystalline sands of the hourglass fall
the time does not stand still.
The intricate pieces fall silently down
until the glass is filled.
They meet in air to crash and cut
symbolizing life's imperfectness.
The sands are people, the glass the earth,
and time itself is endless.
People seem only to care about themselves-
gripping to the sides of the glass.
They don't want to die in a dying world
where ultimately the time comes fast.
Let yourself go, don't hold on to others;
instead, reach out and help them up.
Everybody needs a friend. . .

For the sands will soon be used up.

Jo Ellen Rose

One Autumn Day

With the breeze billowing through my hair
and ruffling my jacket,
I began thinking
of how much I enjoy this time of year.

The sun's rays shown through the trees
giving a golden touch to every leaf.
There were oranges, greens, golds,
yellows and browns being splashed
everywhere.

The leaves' shadows danced gaily
upon the sidewalk;
Seemed to invite me along my way.
As I picked up my step,
I thought to myself,
"I'm glad to be alive."

Then I hear a rustling.
It was as if the trees were whispering...
"Come along with us".
When that autumn breeze caressed my face,
I welcomed it gladly,
as I lifted my face
and filled my lungs to their fullest,
with that fresh, clean smell...

As I was walking along,
One autumn day.

Dawn Watson

A Melody of Summer

The birth of Summer begins like a song.
It starts quite softly never lingering long.

The warmth of her days, mingled with twilight's breezy haze.
Soft, quiet evenings that are composed of a sweet harmony
of crickets and toads.

If only Summer's song could last, but yet the notes and
melody must pass.
For Autumn is still another song, that must be played
once Summer's gone.

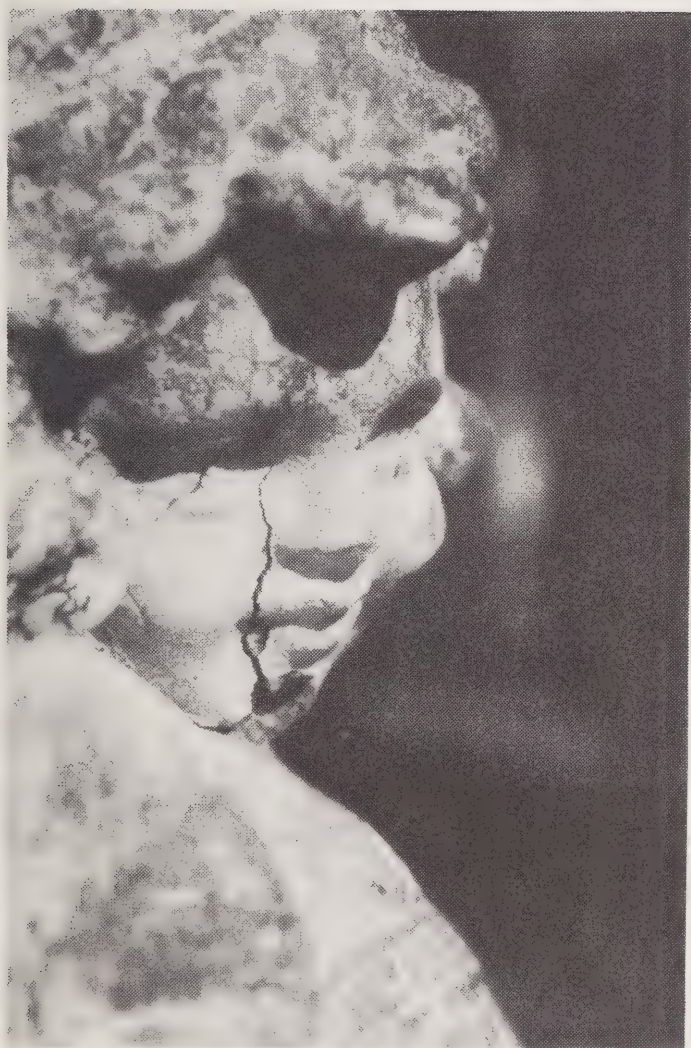
Joy Shell

Springtime

I awaken with a sound
I have missed over the
months.
A smile and good-feelings
overcome me as I
recognize this day.
As I approach the window
to see what
I have waited for
My breath leaves me;
for mother nature has outdone
herself.
She has commanded the bluebirds to
create sounds of beauty
to accompany her while
she paints the earth
with beautiful violets, pinks, and yellows.
She has commanded all
the trees to stand boastfully
and be proud of their new apparel.
My senses are filled with
this day and
my mind wonders.
I feel good;
nothing worries me.
I want to go out there
I want to sit in the middle
of this paradise
and get my fill.
Let us shed our winter coats
and leave these shelters we were confined
to because of old man winter.
Let us enjoy life and do
the things we love
Let me walk into this
picture with you, my love
For it is springtime,
and I realize that
my love for you is like spring's
beauty

... it is endless.

Tammy Goodson



Margaret Deem

Pursuing a Dream

When I was twenty-three years old, my dream was to travel and to travel and live in exciting places. Lack of funds did not keep me from this dream; the inability to find a traveling companion did. No one I knew had both the money, and the time to go; I possessed both, but feared going alone. The person helping me conquer this fear was Ronnie Hedspeth, my employer at the time.

Ronnie owned a television repair shop, and I was his secretary. One day in May of '77, I stood in the doorway of the shop, staring out at the brightspring day. I was in a melancholy mood, and before long Ronnie noticed my daydreaming expression. He inquired why I only dreamed but never pursued my dream. He knew I longed to leave Lincolnton, my hometown, and travel, but feared going alone. Ronnie then told me the story of his own lost dream. While in high school, he had aspired to be a professional baseball player. His father had other ideas, and insisted Ronnie go into the family business. During Ronnie's senior year at high school, he married and soon had a child on the way. In light of these family obligations, he gave up his desire to play professional baseball. He regretted not having the courage to attempt his ambition, but kept the memories of his dream alive by playing on the church softball team. After much thought, I decided that trying- and perhaps failing- was preferable to staying in Lincolnton and never knowing if I could have realized my dream.

I would start by leaving for the summer. The North Carolina coast seemed like a good place to find summer job opportunities. So the middle of June I packed my car, locked up my house, and set out for Manteo. I took three hundred dollars from my savings, and promised my parents I would come home with money in my pocket, or use the last of the three hundred to bring the prodigal child home. If all went well, I would not be home until Labor Day.

Upon arrival in Manteo, I stayed in a flop-house the first night. The next day, while eating at the local drugstore/soda fountain, I met a builder involved in the restoration of downtown Manteo. As we talked, I explained my situation. He informed me of a condemned motel on the outskirts of town, one that he owned and that he was planning to remodel. I asked him if the place was liveable; he explained that the rooms were dirty and there was only cold water. If I chose to stay there, I could pick any of the twelve rooms, at thirty dollars a week. Doubious at first, but considering my limited budget, I decided to have a look at the place. Although hardly the Ritz, a little elbow grease would do wonders, and it would be a roof over my head. Thanks to the new acquaintance made at the soda fountain, I was directed to a waitress job at Fernando's Ale House, a picturesque tavern. My residence and employment were far from first class, but I believed things would get better. I was wrong. Circumstances were to get worse before getting better. I was only days after starting at Fernando's, I was laid off, because the season was not developing as expected. Upon returning to my dreary motel room that night, I discovered the water had been shut off. This was the final straw; I was frustrated and felt defeated. I concluded it was time to leave Manteo.

It was after midnight when I finished packing the car and prepared to leave town. As I drove out of the driveway, I checked the gas gauge; this revealed the tank was empty. Not being able to find a gas station open that time of night, I returned to the deserted motel room and slept on the bare mattress till dawn.

The next morning, I drove along the Outer Banks that dot the North Carolina coastal line, crossing by ferry between the desolate islands. I was mentally weighing my two options: go home in disgrace, or try again somewhere else. Even though my money was almost gone, sheer audacity kept me from going home in shame.

The second day out of Manteo I reached Wilmington, and elected to make my second attempt there. From a billboard advertisement I located the Golden Eagle Motel, with rooms at only seven dollars and seventy-seven cents a night. My objectives at this point were employment and more permanent lodgings. The classified ads revealed that tourist-related jobs were more prevalent in Wrightsville Beach, an island across the sound from Wilmington.

I took up residence in a three-story, white-frame boarding house, in an unpretentious section of Wrightsville. In no time at all, I had finessed my way into the position of cocktail waitress, at the local Holiday Inn. The job worked out better than I ever expected; the people were friendly, and the tips were plentiful. I had a knack for remembering what people drank; therefore, it only took a nod from a patron to signal for a refill.

The conditions at the boarding house were not as satisfying as my work. My small corner room, with its worn and simple furnishings, was oppressive in the thick, sultry heat of July. But worst of all, was sharing the connecting bathroom with the strange little man next door. He occupied the same room each summer, and worked as a gardener for a near-by resort. This accounted for the shriveled and sun-baked skin that gave him a grimy appearance, despite his spotless white tee-shirt.

Pondering these conditions, I continued to scan the classified ads for alternate living quarters. Within a couple days, I located a garage apartment in one of Wilmington's preserved historic homes. The ten-minute drive from Wrightsville was a small price to pay for the security provided by this more prestigious neighborhood. The main house was owned by a middle-aged couple and their three children. They were very kind to me, and loaned me a twin bed, nightstand, lamp, card table, and two folding chairs; these were my only furnishings during my two-month stay. The twelve-by-eight-foot room had a gray linoleum floor, and the kitchen sink, range, and refrigerator were lined up military-fashion along one of the long walls. A closet that had been built as an afterthought protruded from the wall beside the refrigerator, directly across from the door leading to the outside patio. The dwarf-size bathroom was at one end of the oblong room, but the main attraction was perched in the window on the opposite wall: a beautiful twelve hundred B.T.U. air conditioner.

By Labor Day week-end, I had saved three-hundred dollars, in addition to paying my expenses during the preceding months. I was ready to return home in triumph, filled with pride and achievement. Since that summer of '77, I have lived in and traveled to exciting and exotic lands. Yet wherever I go, the memory of Ronnie's inspiration has given me the courage to dare to achieve my goals in life.

Myra Stone

EVOLUTION

Studying from six till midnight:

The girl in the den
The boy in the bedroom,
He walks to the kitchen
He sees the girl.
Aah! A five minute break!

Back to the books:

He thinks calculus
She thinks trig,
He thinks kitchen again
She thinks the same,
Aah! Another break!

Studying together:

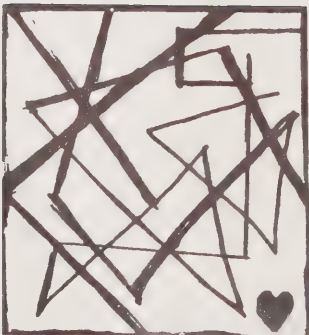
Thirty minutes of work
A few sips of wine,
Ten more minutes of books
Twenty minutes of play,
Then, back to the-math.

Study and cuddle simultaneously:

Difficult calculus
No more trig,
He's angered by a problem
She comforts with kiss,
So much for studying

The book's closed...

Jeaneen Lineberger



The Game

On the edge of life
we are
tettering
but as the tettering turns to tot
we begin to fall
fall onto the rim of
the rim of what?
insanity
or maybe life
does it matter?
Or do we just enjoy the tot?

Allison Dahle

Beyond the Blue

Opaque sapphires glow from his face,
Probing, penetrating,
Surrendering nothing.

Fathomless depths of azure
Glazed with leader armor
Shielding his soul.

Who is he?
Where is he?
Which one is he?

I see his many faces,
Different yet the same,
Masks he selects and alters
With the histrionic ease of a player.

The cardboard features of synthetic facades:
They are the dispensible pawns
In his defensive front.

Why does he insist on this game?
Why can he not be real with me?
Does my nature intimidate or challenge him?
What does he fear?

These questions I alone cannot answer.
Unless I could peer beneath his mask
Rather than merely sensing those relentless orbs
Boring into my own.

Lisa Cook



Kim Anthony

An Unforgettable Fall

Life at home had been full of its usual hectic activity when the news came about winning a trip to Sapphire Valley. Opening the envelope, I could not believe my eyes; I had almost forgotten about the day I dreamily dropped my name into the contest box. I came flying into the house waving the letter frantically to my mother, who was busy preparing my brother for a camping trip. I was thrilled; this trip meant Mom and I could finally have that mother-daughter vacation we had always dreamed of taking. When I was younger, I used to say, "Mom, when I get big, I'm going to take you to Paris," and then we would sit for hours and plan our trip.

Sapphire Valley wasn't Paris; but when I told Mom the news of our trip, it was as thrilling as when we had so long ago made up our dreams of Paris. We took hours out of each day to talk and plan our trip, while looking at the invitation to make sure we weren't dreaming. Finally the day of departure came and off we sped on our new adventure, leaving all our worries behind.

For those few days at Sapphire Valley, we completely forgot about the world and the complications of life. We had nice dinners out, long walks, and silly talks till wee hours in the morning; and I can't remember a time we weren't laughing. But of all these happy moments, I remember one the most.

On a typical cool October afternoon just after dinner, Mom and I sat on the little lake pier, feeding the fish breadcrumbs, while our bodies soaked in the warmth of the sun. We talked and laughed about various things, finding pleasure in each other's company. Each of us had been so busy with our individual lives lately, that we hadn't had much time for the other. Mom and I had always been very close, but I never looked for any other reason to explain why than that I was her daughter and she was my mom. As she sat there talking, I looked at her for the first time as I would any other human being, taking away all the ideas of what mothers and daughters must be. For so long through my teenage years, I had felt that we were worlds apart and that she would never understand me. Now, somehow we didn't seem so far apart. I hadn't really realized just how much we do think alike. I watched her as she spoke, and we both laughed at the joke she had made. I thought about how hard she tried to make me proud of her. I realized now what she had meant when she had told me so many times, "You make me proud just by being who you are." I would have liked to have said that to her at this moment, but all I could do was clumsily choke out a small "Mom... I love you." Somehow, I think she knew what I wanted to say. With a hug, kiss, and laugh our silent agreement was sealed.

I still can't remember what she said earlier that afternoon or what the rest of our conversation was about that evening. What I do remember of that October afternoon was meeting a lovely lady and hoping that when I'm thirty-seven, I can be half so lovely.

Angela Waldrop



Carolyn Parker

From Soft-Lapped Grandmothers

/ Viva !

As a child
I would sit presumptuously
in my grandmother's featherbed lap.
Burying my face in her ample breasts
I could breathe deeply
the Ivory soap scrubbed purity of her.
Humming a hymn and rocking
she would run her washboard hands over my back
in a circular motion that weighted my eyes
with perfect peace.

Such a short sleep.

Sherry Corbin

Rise and rejoice
Child of the Sun
for you live.
Today is yours to
Revel in nature's glory.
Chase the wind,
Tumble in the vale!

Today you live;
Waste not the golden glory
and azure arches
Lest the dense and deadly masses
Touch your shoulder.

Lisa Cook



Lisa Cook

I remember us.
I try to think only of the good and be
happy for the times we have had.
Remembering hurts,
I try to forget but I can't let go of
those memories of us.
They won't leave, no matter how hard I
try to push them away.
They keep coming back.
Sitting on my bed,
Thinking---
Of everything and at the same
time nothing at all.
Looking up---
Now feeling the tears streak my face.
Suddenly memories fill my mind,
Days when we thought there was nothing
more important than us.
Together always, so it seemed.
Sharing time---
The sundaes, the movies.
Being together---
Claiming the living room as our own.
Loving you---
Believing in you, holding on to every
dream you gave me.
All the poems, all the love, every hope and dream.
Every good time we ever had has filled my mind.
Our first kiss, the first time you told me
you loved me.
Memories---
If memories can come back,

Why can't you?

Jody Crenshaw

SMALL GESTURES

A gesture with the greatness of a rainbow,
but not quite its grace,
Landed upon my shoulders
and gave me warmth.
Strange affections were brought forth
from that hug
And my heart cried a tear of joy
which trickled down my face.
Sometimes I wonder
if my heart is behind my eyes.
That would account for the strange
dreams I've been dreaming
Since he touched me.

Jo Ellen Rose

I LOST MY BEST FRIEND TODAY

For the first time,
Tears of true love lost
Burn the flesh of my face.
They
burn
bitterly
down
to my heart.
I lost my best friend today.

Jeaneen Lineberger

Abuse

Growing hills,
gift from heaven
torn, changed rearranged;
by wicked war.

Allison Dahle

A SILENT PLEA

Please don't Daddy!
I can't bear
The bruises,
My tears
Won't heal
The scars,
Outside
Or inside.
Please don't Daddy!
Jeaneen Lineberger

From Thumper

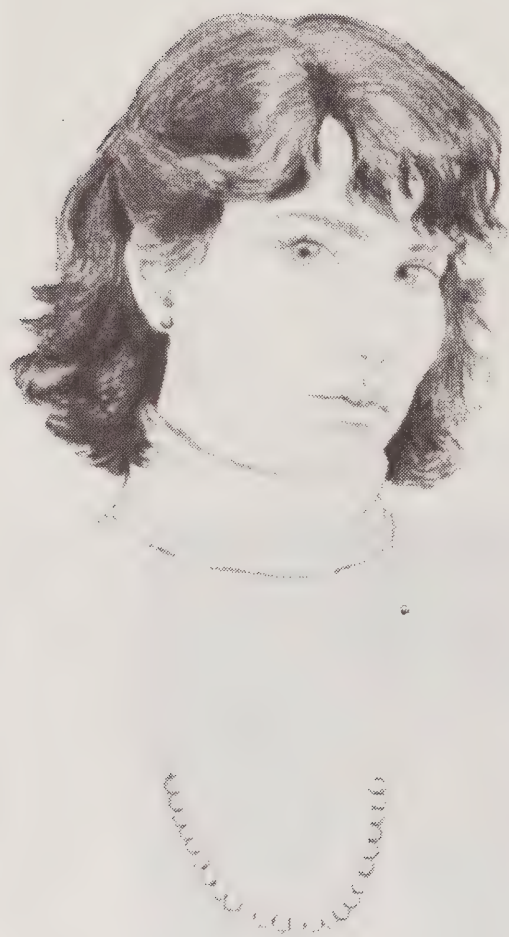
Pensive.
I see so many
Questions
From puppy dog
Eyes.
I
Am but 17.
I know
Nothing
But how to tickle
Your fancy
And
Stop the
Quiver of sore
Lips.
Flannel for
Untwisting,
And straightening
Strange
Sheets
Are my only
Talents.
Please
Don't look at
Me.
I have no answers
To
My questions,
Either.
Overnight again
We
Will dash
Thru
Locked doors to
Never-never land
And
Spend the early
Morning
Hours
Listening to a
Refrigerator motor
And
The strange beat of
My heart.
We
Will say good-bye for
Two hours,
Before we leave
Ourselves
Behind

And
Become distant
Friends.
Tip-toe
to the top,
and
Leave me behind.
Friend of a
Friend,
Never say Never,
Again.

Audrey Ward



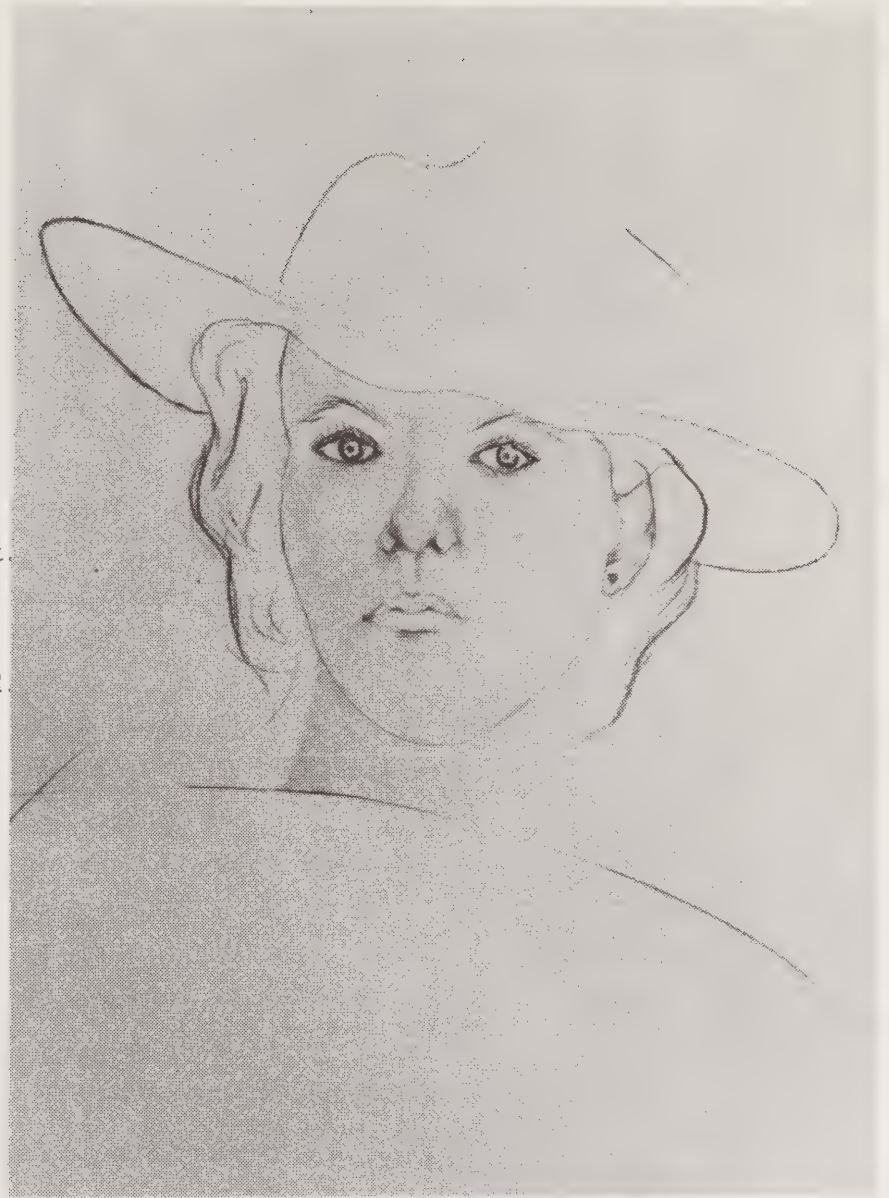
Margaret Deem



Girls, Girls, Girls

The sweaters they wear
 must always look new.
 Their hair must be shiny,
 just washed in shampoo.
 The perfume they wear
 must smell "just right."
 And the jeans they wear
 are usually tight.
 Their fingernails are painted
 a dazzling red.
 And their stomachs are growling
 from not being fed.
 This is from diet,
 though they're thin as a stick.
 And their lips are glossy,
 so they must not be licked.
 Their hair's been sprayed down
 and can't be blown by the wind.
 All this they do,
 so they might be a "10".
 But remember they do it,
 for the guy who just came
 From the shower to the mirror,
 and did just the same!

Jo Ellen Rose



Linda Penny

A Peace College Girl...
 A Smile
 A Laugh
 A Kind Word
 A Friendship and Bond for Life
 A Rare Breed
 A Lasting Influence
 A Loving Memory
 A Way of Life

P
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We are lucky to be a part of this family,
 Lucky to share the long bond of love across the campus,
 Lucky to leave with a better understanding of LIFE!!!!

Kim Morrow

The most important event in the life of a woman is her wedding day; at least that's what my mom said when I told her I was never going to marry.

"Who would want to marry some dumb ol' boy? Certainly not me!" I exclaimed indignantly, when she asked me why I wasn't going to get married.

In my opinion, boys are slimy creatures who pull your hair and never give you a chance to play with the ball at recess. I have a good reason for not liking boys; his name is Jimmy Michaels. Though he lives right next door, I can never walk to school with him because he doesn't want to be seen with a girl. In math class he borrows pencils from me, doesn't even say "thank you", and then I never see those pencils again. When I tell mom what he does she says to be patient with Jimmy because he has two older sisters who pick on him. Why doesn't he borrow their pencils?

At lunch time he cuts in front of me in line and doesn't say "'cuse me" when he bumps my arm and makes me spill my milk. Then, if there's something good to eat, like a sweetroll or a Twinkie, he grabs mine and stuffs it in his mouth. I get so angry, I would really love to punch him out! Mom says nice girls don't hit boys, even when they're mean. I told mom she never had a friend like Jimmy Michaels.

I try to be nice, but sometimes it's really hard. Last week my family and the Michaels went to the county fair. There were plenty of fun rides and games, along with a bunch of food stands. Jimmy and I went on the Ferris Wheel together and as soon as we reached the top he started to swing the seat back and forth. I just knew we'd fall out! I kept yelling at him to stop but he just laughed and rocked more. Finally we came down and I was never so happy to set foot on solid ground in my life.

"I'm gonna get you for this", I whispered under my breath. The next ride we went on was the bumper cars and I got my chance for revenge. We were both riding around the track when all of a sudden Jimmy's car stopped moving. The man working the cars told him to stay where he was until the ride was over. Well, I took advantage of the situation and bumped the day-lights out of poor Jimmy Michaels. Since he couldn't move I kept ramming my car into his and all the while I just couldn't stop laughing. Jimmy was close to tears from being shaken up so much. I guess I really put him in his place, because just before we left the fair he came up to me and handed me the stuffed animal he had just won.

"You're not a bad friend, even if you are a girl", he told me. I couldn't help but beam with pleasure.

Nowadays, Jimmy and I walk to school together. He cuts in line only when I let him and he shares the ball with me at recess. For my birthday he bought me a whole new box of pencils. Boy, was I surprised! Maybe getting married won't be that bad, as long as you show him who's boss!

Rochelle Kick

THE OLDEST TREE

Until the Lilies Rise Outdoors

Icy
Brown dwindled grass
Leafless brown trees
Stilled wind in chilled air,
Which creeps through this
Brown paint chipped window.

I see
Piles of papers to sort.
Oh, they could wait another day,
But not to swim, or run, or play,
No green or gaiety,
I shall stay and study in
Until the lilies rise outdoors.

Jennifer Brown

My Lord is a tree
Standing tall and proud and free.
His Son is the limb
Reaching out for all to see.
The Ghost is the vein
That feeds the hungry tree.
The Lord is a tree
With its deepest root in me.

His wife reaps the seed
From the lovely dogwood tree.
Christians come to her to feed
And by her fruit are freed.

Each day I climb upon my tree
And look out all around.
I wish that we could live in Thee
And not upon the ground.

Margaret Deem

A Moment in a Flowery Field

One dew drop falls,
Flowers are waking
It is dawn.

Bees will soon be buzzing
Stealing the flower's sweetness.
Soft blues, yellows, and pinks
fill the field with warmth.

A breeze tickles the flowers,
sending a sweet scent
across the field and
billowing through my hair.

My face shines back,
as I look into a puddle,
It's a crystal vision,
until a dew drop falls once again,
interrupting the tranquility.

Dawn Watson

Scarlet Passion

As I walk in the wood
I see her, with her sisters:
A dancer in the height of her performance,
Her color a scarlet passion for life,
Tiny dark lines show me the growing pains
She has endured.
Torn edges show me her lessons learned.
I smell her presence in the air:
The scent of earth and sun--
The earth's nourishment for her body.
The sun's nourishment for her soul.
In her final bow she catches the sun,
Gracefully ending her tribute.
Whispering on the wind
As she brushes past my ear
To the beckoning earth.

Angela Waldrop

The Piano Man

The piano player grows weary
as he gazes at his tips in the jar
that sits on the out-of-tune piano
that he plays in a run-down bar.

He plays for all the lonely people
whose glasses are full of whiskey and tears
from all the pain and sorrow
they have felt throughout the years.

He just sits and plays by ear
all requests made by his drunken fans
but, little do they know
he is also a lonely man.

It's all a part of his job
to play and do his part
for all the lonesome drunks
that have a broken heart.

The piano man is lonely
as he tries to heal a scar
he does it with the piano
in this lonely run-down bar.

Tammy Goodson

"The Wounds of a Continuing Battle"

In their uniform of business suits and horn-rimmed glasses,
The briefcase people, with the eyes of fettered horses, assault the concrete jungle
Their shoes rapping the cement sharply, like shell-fire at an early dawn.
Joggers dart a sweaty glance, then quickly avert their eyes.
His metal legs roll him back into his sterile world.

The "old friends" don't pay duty visits now,
Awkward services requiring honorable attempts at conversation,
Governed by the "safe subjects" list, avoiding nostalgic mists of by-gone glory.

The faded box reveals the musty Achilles armor:
The letters, stripes, stars, and trophies
Holding a lifetime of dreams.

The creased paper...honorable discharge...valor:
A grenade cast at a vitreous dream.
Always on the front line... a high school star,
The front is a vulnerable place
Where only the purple in heart survive.
As a misty rain pelts the panes through which he views a gray world,
He marvels that the chill cannot reach him,
For he is neither cold , nor bitter, merely numb;
Paralysis cannot be felt.

Lisa Cook

I Could Not Open the Door

I could not open the door.
I tugged and yanked.
I stood back and concentrated with
All mind's might -- then
Ran-- Oh my shoulder hurt.
I hurt.
My ideas thinned out-
How to pass this barrier
Before me.
I read "How to Open Stuck Doors"
I think I could have even
Written it,
By night's end,
I gave up.
Then as I sighed.
The gentle breeze
Drifted the door
Open.

Jennifer Brown

Castles in the Sand

As I walked today,
I noted how continual tides had re-shaped the dunes,
How Time's passing had altered all that my eyes perceived.

I remembered how with you we had searched for treasures:
A pearly shell, a scrap of abalone, and a prized cork from a net.
The brilliant sun laughing in an azure sky gilded all we saw.

As I loosen the bleached driftwood with my soggy sneaker,
I add it to my morning's booty:
A broken conch, in which the oceans roar is distant,
and a few chipped, glass beads from the shrimp nets.
As the rain pelts my yellow slicker with insistence,
Through the watery vision, I glimpse a child's broken spade--
Another remnant of a lost summer.

Lisa Cook

What is love?

At different points of my life, I have thought, "I finally know",
But then I change and what I thought was-is not so.
Whatever this word means I can not tell,
I can feel it but when describing it I always fail.
Finally, I have found someone and I know what this word means,
But I still cannot put the meaning to words it seems.
Every time I feel I have reached a meaning and words come to mind,
My love grows more and more leaving me once again blind.

Kim Morrow

HOW MUCH I CARE

Every day as I walk by,
I see him standing there.
And I cannot help but think
How much I really care.

How much it really means to me,
To see his smiling face,
And realize with joyful glee
No other can take its place.

He's really something special,
That person that I know.
And as I realize it,
I know that it must show.

The feelings that I have inside,
that I must commend,
Would really mean a lot
If I had the strength within

To open up my heart
And let them flow right out.
If only I could tell him,
Let me shout and shout!

Kim Boyette

Expectations

As I give
He reaches in
Finds it
Wraps his hands around it.
Oh, so gently,
Knowing how precious it is,
Takes it out.

I wait...
In mind's eye
I see his hands
S Q U E E Z E.
Blood falls.
Pain swells.

I wait...
He admires it.
Accepts it.
Oh, so gently, my
Heart lies in
His hands.

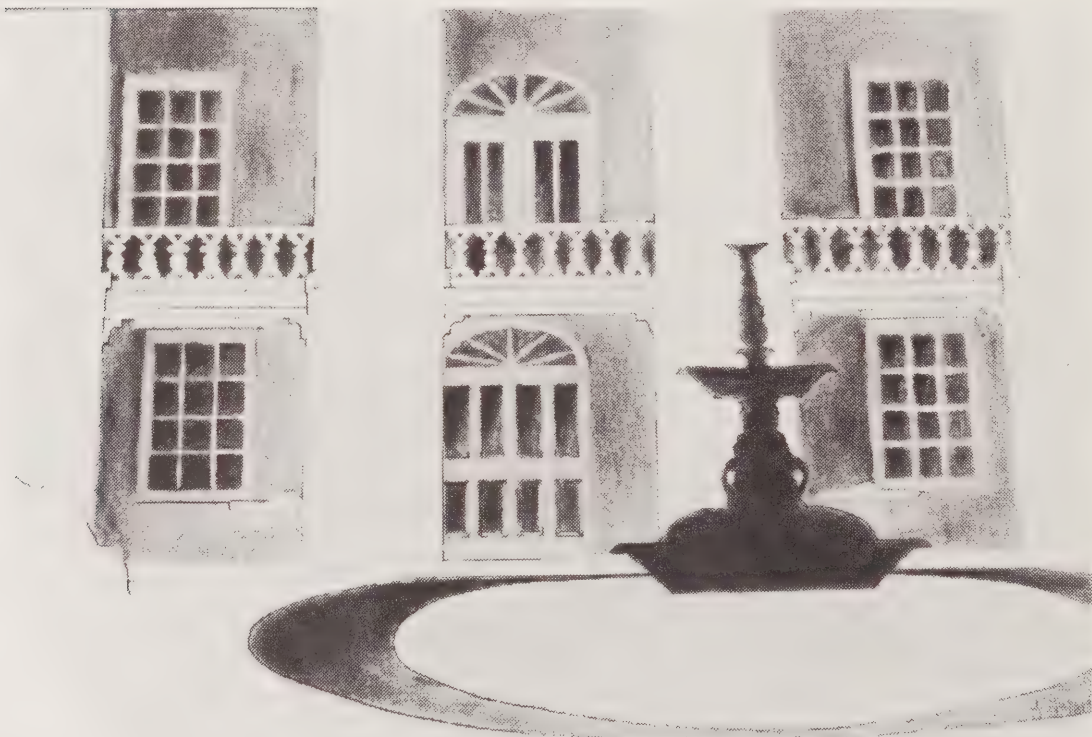
He offers his.
I accept.

Jennifer Brown

MY PEACE

Peace is a quiet softness felt within one's
soul.
A sparkling fountain of love which continuously
overflows.
Peace is the consoling gentleness of a friend's
listening ear.
The warmth of an understanding smile that
suddenly appears.
Peace is a mountaintop for which we reach
and strive to do our best.
It is also a lonely road at times that puts to
the test.
Peace is love, strength, and hope which brings
us all together.
A treasured friend remembered and kept within
our hearts forever.

Joy Shell



Jane Godwin

Graduation

To my Parents,

Graduation is one of many important steps in my life.

It is a time to reflect on past decisions, some made
with ease, some made with strife.

But it was you, my parents, which have helped make my
life a success.

My gratitude and love, I only wish I knew how to adequately
express.

When times were bad and decisions were tough,

You were always there to uplift and support me when the
going got rough.

Unlike many parents of today,

Your living examples showed me the right way.

As busy as you are working many jobs and long hours,

You have always found time in your hectic day to show
love and understanding that never sours.

You've always given your love and support with everything
I do.

I know that all my future successes will be the results
of confidence I gained from you.

I suppose what I am trying to say,

Is "Thank You" for being there with me every step of the way.

With all of my love
to both of my parents,

Theresa Mitchell



Janet Ross

Honor: More Than a Simple Word

The words of the honor code when spoken during Chapel today carried a strength which reverberated within me. Knowing that tomorrow night, I must stand before a council of my peers and take a solemn pledge makes me resolute to analyze the oath I will make. "On my honor..." Honor - what does it mean to me? What is my honor? My honor is my belief and acceptance of myself as a worthwhile human being. By acting on my honor, I profess to the world that faith in me is valid - my word is dependable. "...as a Peace College student..." Being a Peace girl is rather significant; I accept the duty to uphold the standards of tradition which have been established as intrinsic foundations of this institution: integrity and responsibility. "...I will not lie, cheat, or steal..." The severity of this line makes me think before reciting the section; however, honesty is the cornerstone of my convictions; therefore, considering the line does not take much pondering. "...nor will I condone the actions of those who do:" Or will I? If forced to choose between losing a friend or acting out of honesty, which decision would be best? The answer might be difficult to act upon; however, a true friend would never want me to compromise my own integrity.

Honor: I believe in the person I am; I am dependable; I am honest. Acting on my honor, I rely on the strength of the foundation of my beliefs. I believe in being me, with nothing affected. Because I am honest with myself and others about myself, I will be rather than merely seem.

Lisa Cook

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Thank You Peace College for your contributions which make Prism Magazine possible!

